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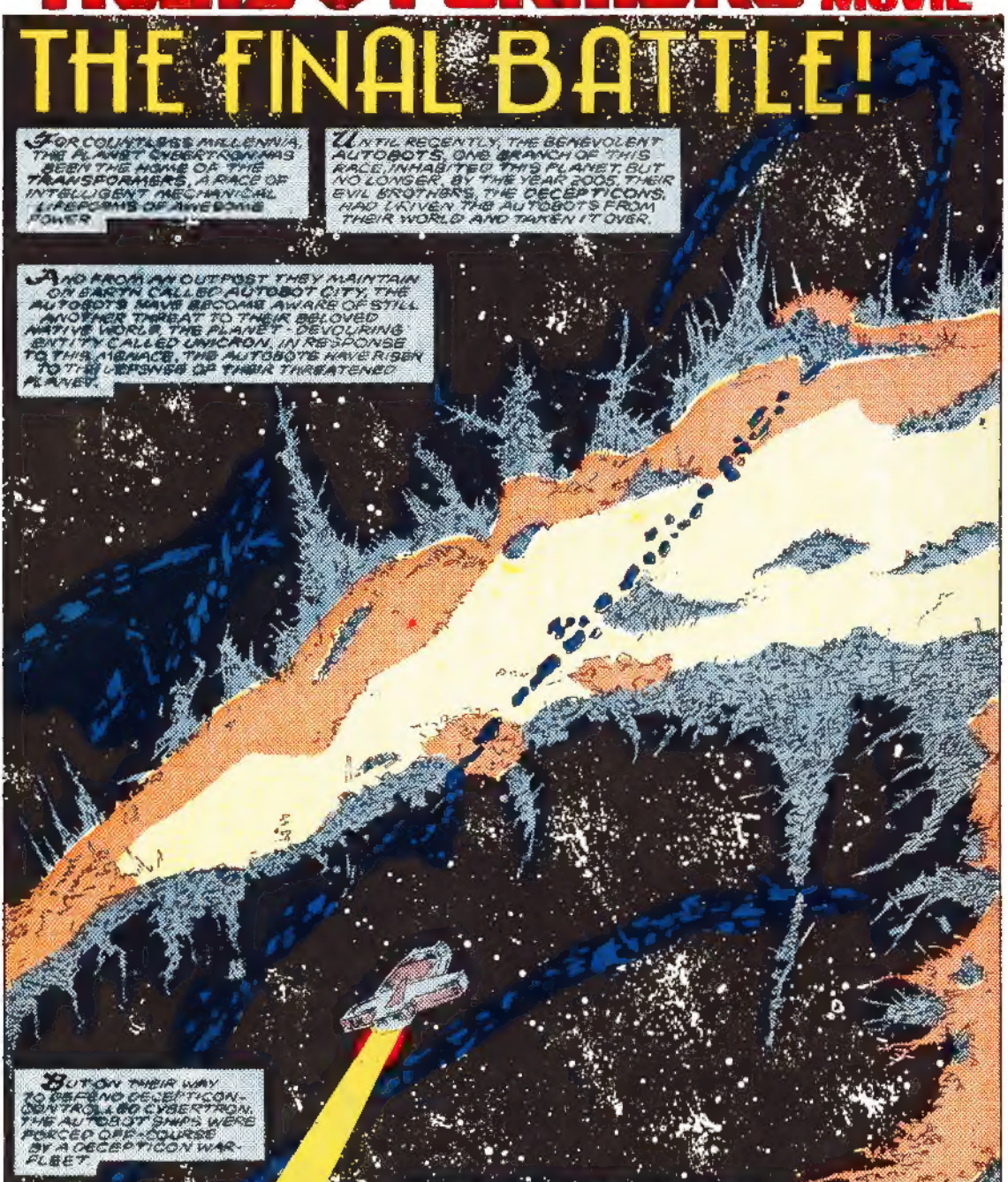
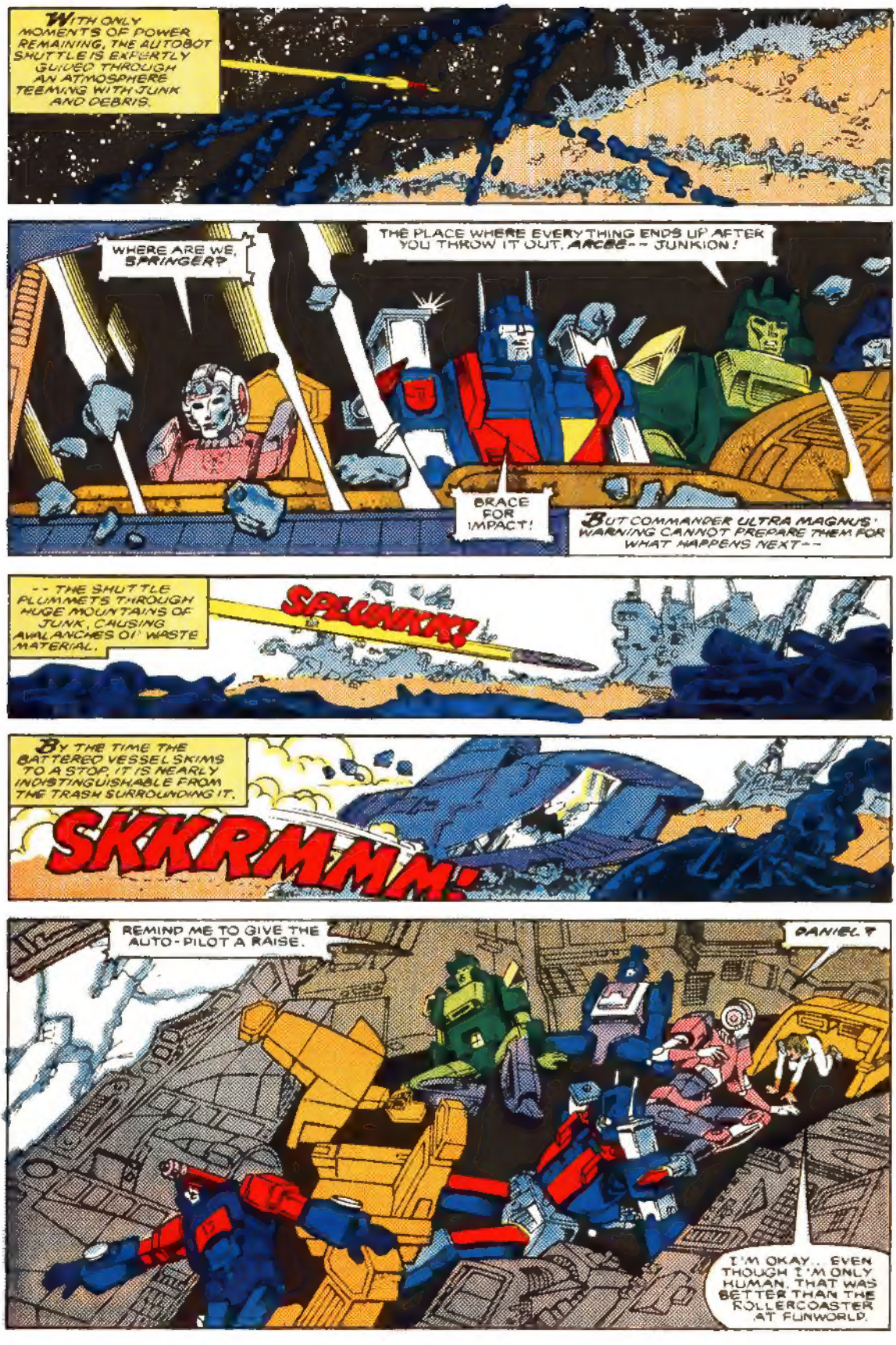
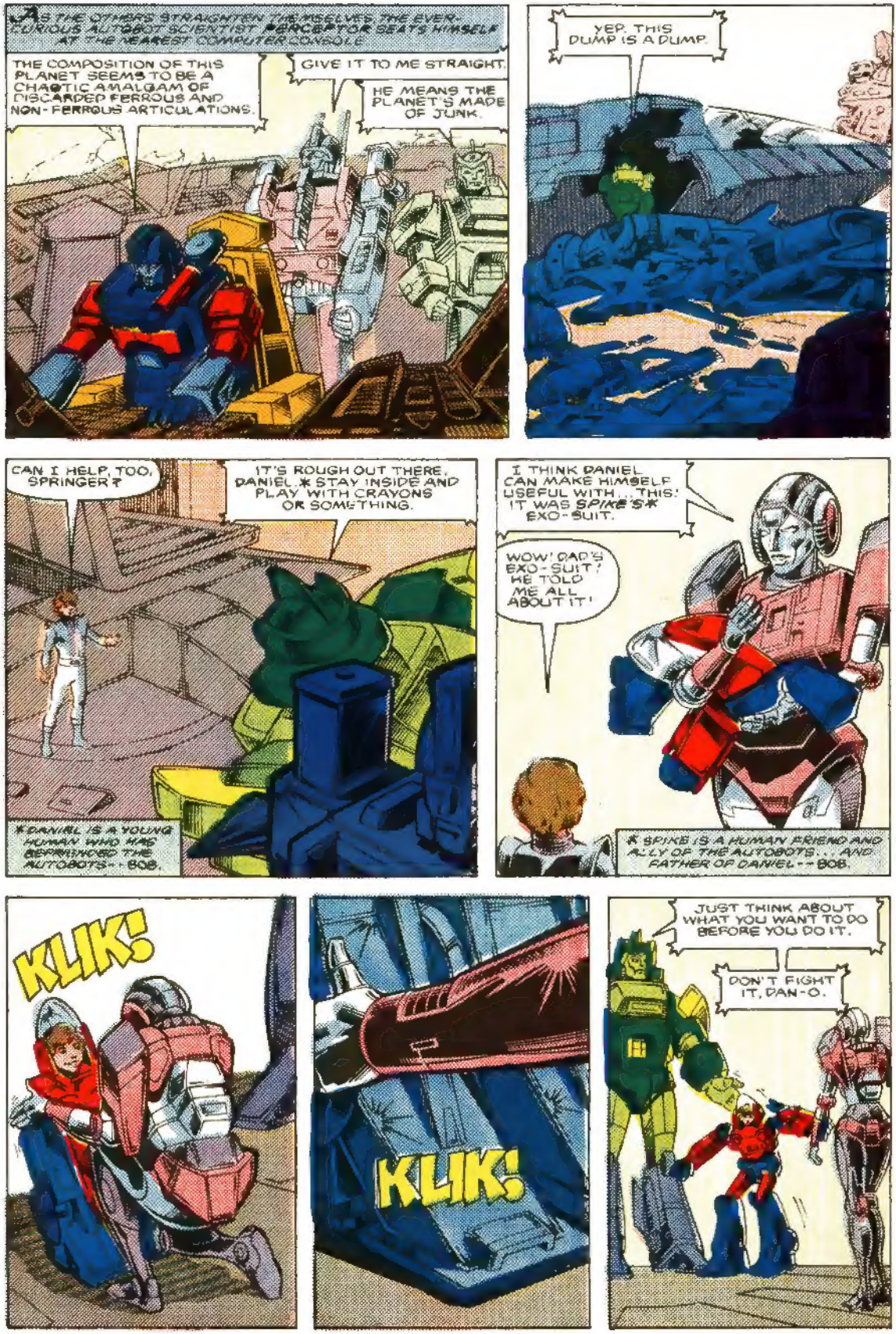
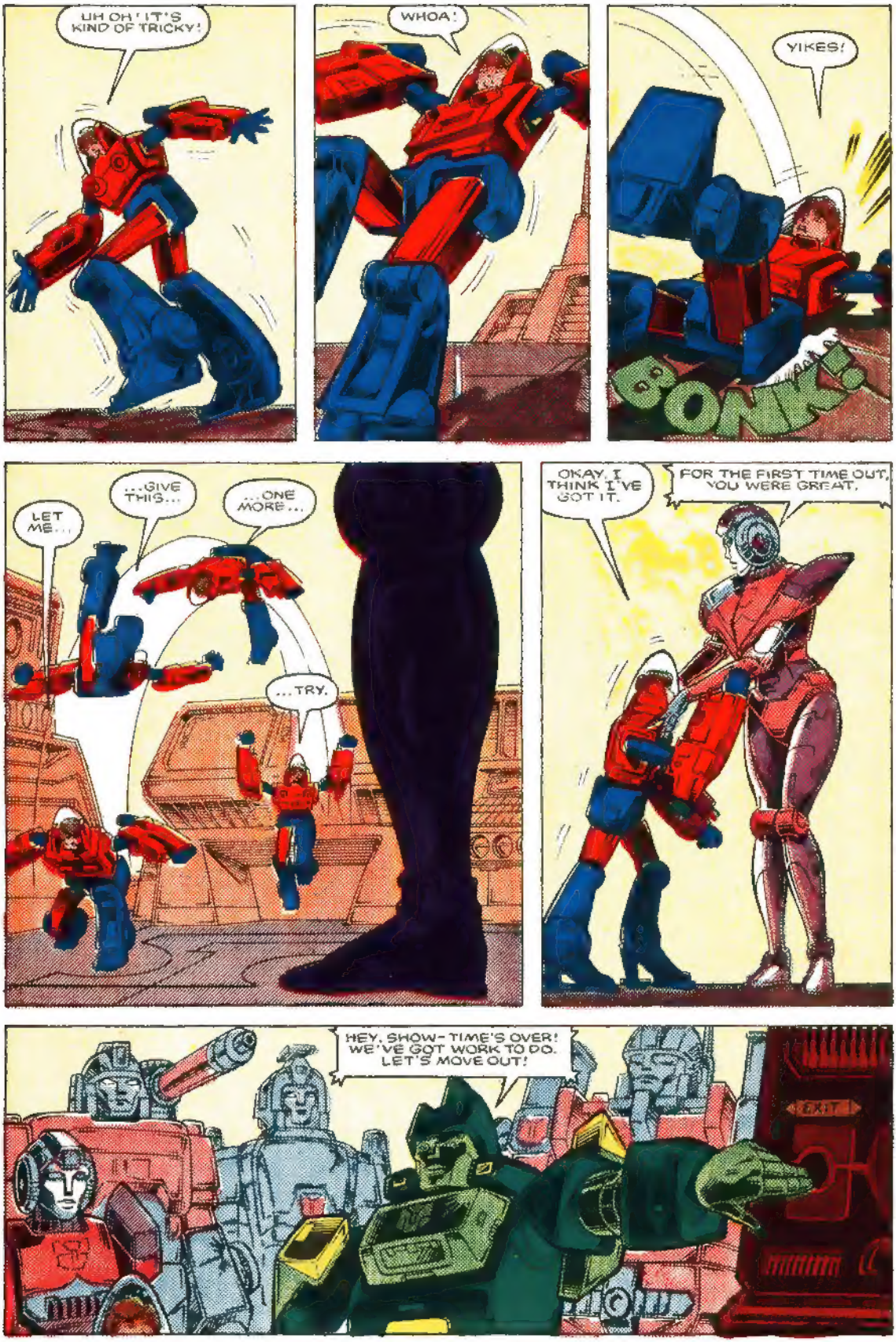
TRANSFORMERS™ THE MOVIE

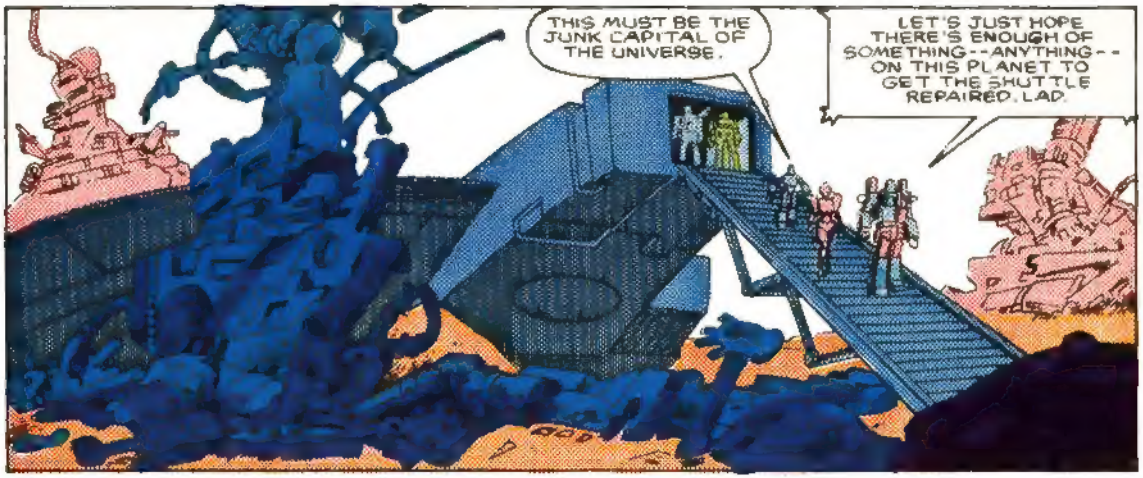

THE FINAL BATTLE!
FOR COUNTLESS MILLENNIA, THE PLANET CYBERTRON WAS BEST THE HOME OF THE TRANSFORMERS, A RACE OF INTELLIGENT MECHANICAL LIFEFORMS OF AWESOME POWER.
UNTIL RECENTLY, THE BENEVOLENT AUTOBOTS, ONE BRANCH OF THIS RACE, INHABITED THIS PLANET. BUT NO LONGER. BY THE YEAR 2005, THEIR EVIL BROTHERS, THE DECEPTICONS, HAD DRIVEN THE AUTOBOTS FROM THEIR WORLD AND TAKEN IT OVER.
AND FROM AN OUTPOST THEY MAINTAIN ON EARTH CALLED AUTOBOT CITY, THE AUTOBOTS HAVE BECOME AWARE OF STILL ANOTHER THREAT TO THEIR BELOVED NATIVE WORLD. THE PLANET DEVOURING ENTITY CALLED UNICRON. IN RESPONSE TO THIS MENACE, THE AUTOBOTS HAVE RISEN TO THE DEFENSE OF THEIR THREATENED PLANET.
BUT ON THEIR WAY TO BEFRIEND DECEPTICON-CONTROLLED CYBERTRON, THE AUTOBOT SHIPS WERE FORCED OFF-COURSE BY A DECEPTICON WAR-FLEET.
ONE AUTOBOT VESSEL COMMANDED BY AUTOBOT RULER ULTRA MAGNUS IS NEARLY OUT OF POWER AND HEADING TOWARDS THE PLANET JUNKION... AND A PROBABLE CRASH-LANDING.
RALPH MACCHIO ADAPTOR • DON PERLIN PENCIL BREAKDOWNS • IAN AKIN & BRIAN GARVEY FINISHES • JANICE CHIANG LETTERING • NEL YOMTOV COLORING • BOB BUDIANSKY EDITOR • JIM SHOOTER EDITOR IN CHIEF

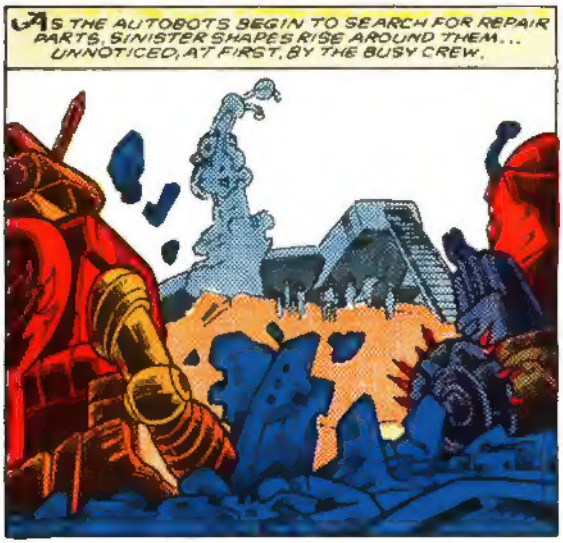
TRANSFORMERS™ THE MOVIE Vol. 1, No. 3, February, 1987. Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP James E. Galton President Stan Lee Publisher Michael Hobson, Group Vice President Milton Schulman Vice-President, Production OFFICE OF PUBLICATION 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH NEW YORK N.Y. 10016 Copyright © 1986 by HASBRO INC. All rights reserved. Price 75¢ per copy in the U.S. and $1.25 in Canada. All advertising and editorial matter all copyright © 1986 by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed nor in a mutilated condition. THE TRANSFORMERS (including all prominent characters featured in this issue) and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of HASBRO, INC.

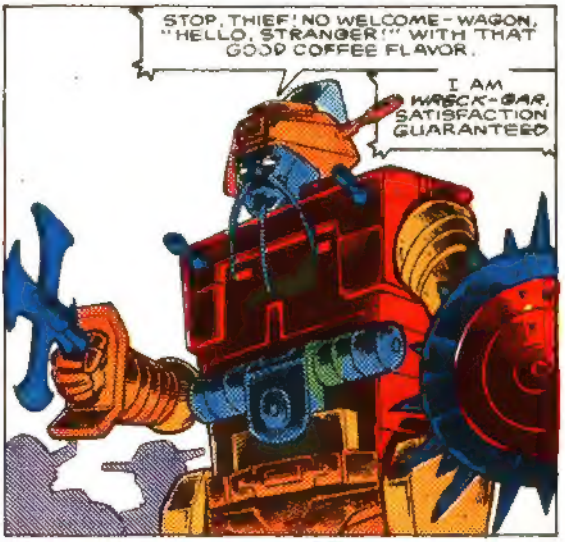

WITH ONLY MOMENTS OF POWER REMAINING, THE AUTOBOT SHUTTLE IS EXPERTLY GUIDED THROUGH AN ATMOSPHERE TEEMING WITH JUNK AND DEBRIS.
WHERE ARE WE, SPRINGER?
THE PLACE WHERE EVERYTHING ENDS UP AFTER YOU THROW IT OUT, ARCEE-- JUNKION!
BRACE FOR IMPACT!
BUT COMMANDER ULTRA MAGNUS' WARNING CANNOT PREPARE THEM FOR WHAT HAPPENS NEXT--
-- THE SHUTTLE PLUMMETS THROUGH HUGE MOUNTAINS OF JUNK, CAUSING AVALANCHES OF WASTE MATERIAL.
SPLUNK!
BY THE TIME THE BATTERED VESSEL SKIMS TO A STOP, IT IS NEARLY INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE TRASH SURROUNDING IT.
SKKRMMM!
REMIND ME TO GIVE THE AUTO-PILOT A RAISE.
DANIEL?
I'M OKAY.. EVEN THOUGH I'M ONLY HUMAN, THAT WAS BETTER THAN THE ROLLERCOASTER AT FUNWORLD.

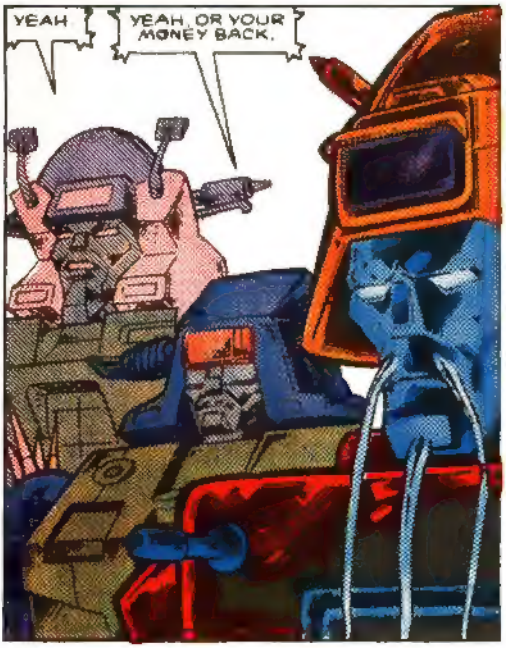

AS THE OTHERS STRAIGHTEN THEMSELVES, THE EVER-CURIOUS AUTOBOT SCIENTIST PERCEPTOR SEATS HIMSELF AT THE NEAREST COMPUTER CONSOLE.
THE COMPOSITION OF THIS PLANET SEEMS TO BE A CHAOTIC AMALGAM OF DISCARDED FERROUS AND NON-FERROUS ARTICULATIONS.
GIVE IT TO ME STRAIGHT.
HE MEANS THE PLANET'S MADE OF JUNK.
YEP. THIS DUMP IS A DUMP.
CAN I HELP, TOO, SPRINGER?
IT'S ROUGH OUT THERE, DANIEL.* STAY INSIDE AND PLAY WITH CRAYONS OR SOMETHING.
*DANIEL IS A YOUNG HUMAN WHO HAS BEFRIENDED THE AUTOBOTS -- BOB.
I THINK DANIEL CAN MAKE HIMSELF USEFUL WITH... THIS! IT WAS SPIKE'S* EXO-SUIT.
WOW! DAD'S EXO-SUIT! HE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT IT!
*SPIKE IS A HUMAN FRIEND AND ALLY OF THE AUTOBOTS... AND FATHER OF DANIEL -- BOB.
KLIK!
KLIK!
JUST THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU WANT TO DO BEFORE YOU DO IT.
DON'T FIGHT IT, DAN-O.

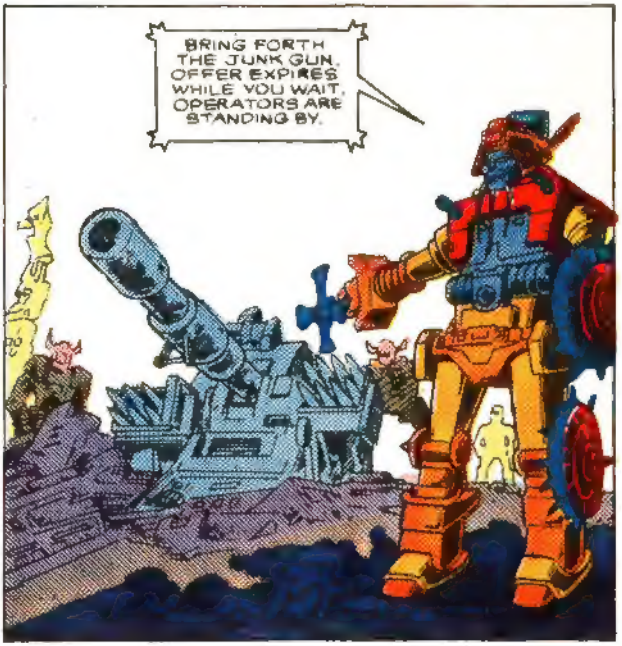

UH OH! IT'S KIND OF TRICKY!
WHOA!
YIKES!
BONK
LET ME...
...GIVE THIS...
...ONE MORE...
...TRY.
OKAY, I THINK I'VE GOT IT.
FOR THE FIRST TIME OUT, YOU WERE GREAT.
HEY, SHOW-TIME'S OVER! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO. LET'S MOVE OUT!
EXIT


THIS MUST BE THE JUNK CAPITAL OF THE UNIVERSE.
LET'S JUST HOPE THERE'S ENOUGH OF SOMETHING--ANYTHING--ON THIS PLANET TO GET THE SHUTTLE REPAIRED, LAD.


AS THE AUTOBOTS BEGIN TO SEARCH FOR REPAIR PARTS, SINISTER SHAPES RISE AROUND THEM... UNNOTICED, AT FIRST, BY THE BUSY CREW.


STOP, THIEF! NO WELCOME-WAGON, "HELLO, STRANGER!" WITH THAT GOOD COFFEE FLAVOR.
I AM WRECK-GAR. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED


YEAH.
YEAH, OR YOUR MONEY BACK.


BRING FORTH THE JUNK GUN. OFFER EXPIRES WHILE YOU WAIT. OPERATORS ARE STANDING BY.

FORWARD AVANTI. APFEL AND LIKE, GO FOR GUSTO!
HUH? WHAT THAT?
HANG ON, JUNKIONS! THIS RE INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH: WE WATCH.
DECEPTICONS! WE'VE GOT TO DRAW THEM OFF AND THEN DOUBLE-BACK TO THE SHUTTLE!
SHUMMM
SHUUMMM
UH-OH! WHAT DO I DO NOW?
HUMAN GERM! LET US KILL HIM SLOWLY, SHRAPNEL!
I AGREE COMPLETELY, SCAVENGER!
ONLY ONE THING TO DO! TRY AUTO MODE!
WHAT?! HE IS ESCAPING-- STOP HIM!
I'LL GRAB HIM IF I CAN!
BYE-BYE, FELLAS! I PROMISE TO DRIVE SAFELY, SO DON'T WORRY.

AND EVEN AS DANIEL ESCAPES HIS TWO FRUSTRATED PURSUERS, NEARBY THE DECEPTICON WARSHIP **CYCLONUS** MAKES IT'S DESCENT.

CYCLONUS COMES TO A HALT IN MID-AIR AS DECEPTICON LEADER **GALVATRON** LEAPS OUT TO CONFRONT AUTOBOT CHIEF ULTRA MAGNUS.

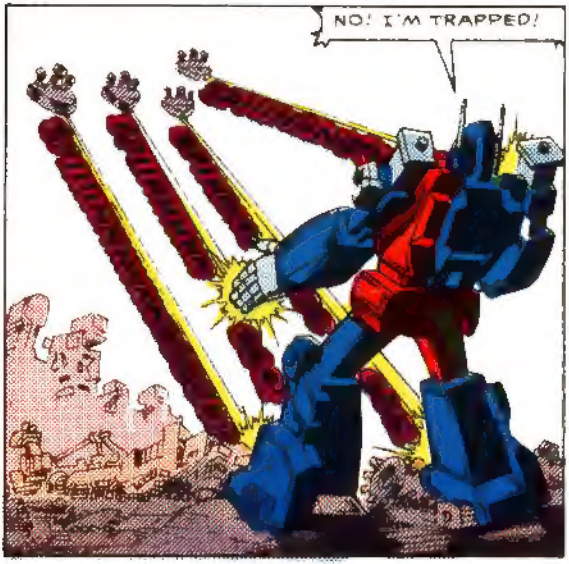
SO WE MEET AGAIN, AUTOBOT FOOL. UNICRON THE PLANET-EATER INFORMED ME THAT YOU HAD NOT DIED IN OUR LAST ENCOUNTER, AND THAT I WOULD FIND YOU ON JUNKION.

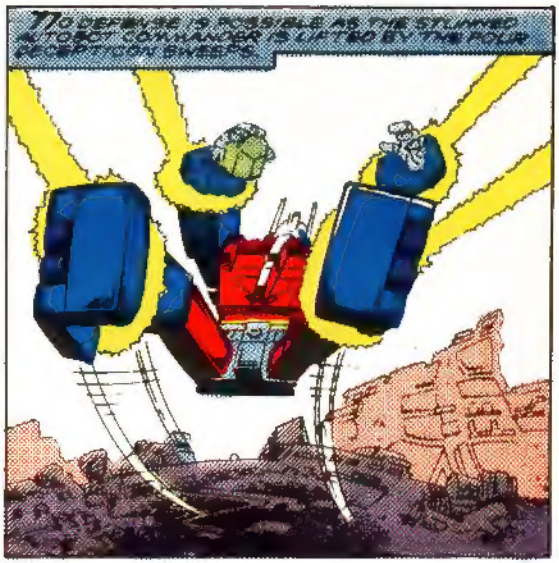
YOU HAVE SOMETHING I DESIRE. GIVE IT TO ME NOW! GIVE ME THE *LEADERSHIP MATRIX!*

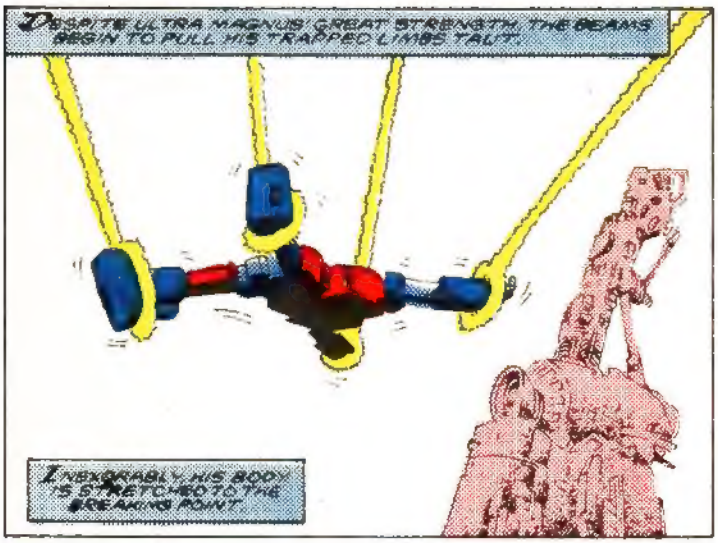
THE MATRIX-- AN AUTOBOT OBJECT OF UNBELIEVABLE POWER THAT WAS RECENTLY PASSED ON TO ULTRA MAGNUS BY THE LATE AUTOBOT LEADER, OPTIMUS PRIME.

WHY WON'T THE MATRIX OPEN? PRIME SAID THE MATRIX WOULD LIGHT OUR DARKEST HOUR, AND NOW I CAN'T EVEN REMOVE IT FROM ITS CASING!

THE FOOL CAN'T EVEN MAKE THE LEADERSHIP MATRIX WORK! *SWEEPS*--QUARTER HIM!


NO! I'M TRAPPED!


MODERATELY A POSSIBLE AS THE STUNNED AUTOBOT COMMANDER'S FATE IN THE FOUR DESTRUCTION BOMBS.

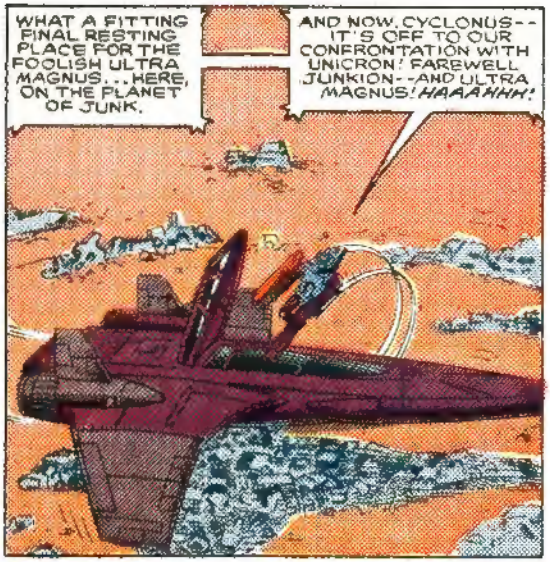

DESPITE ULTRA MAGNUS' GREAT STRENGTH, THE BEAMS BEGIN TO PULL HIS TRAPPED LIMBS TAUT.
INEXORABLY, HIS BODY IS STRETCHED TO THE BREAKING POINT.

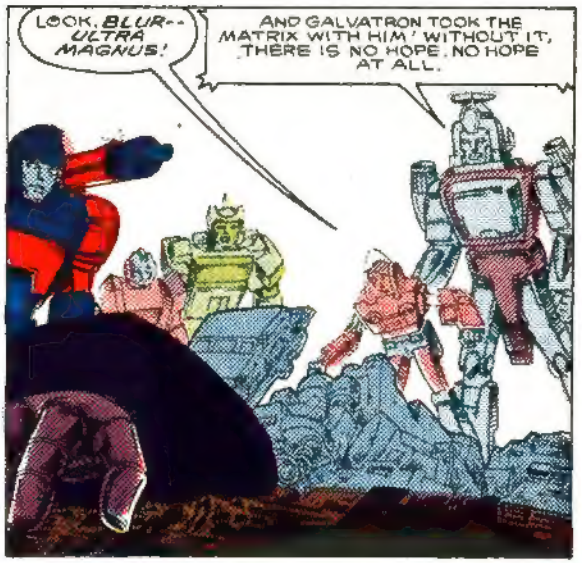
I - I'VE FAILED YOU, OPTIMUS. FAILED YOU -- A - AND ALL THOSE YOU LEFT ME TO LEAD. I'M S-SORRY! SO VERY SORRY! I --

AAAA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
SHRAAKKKKTTTTTTTTT!

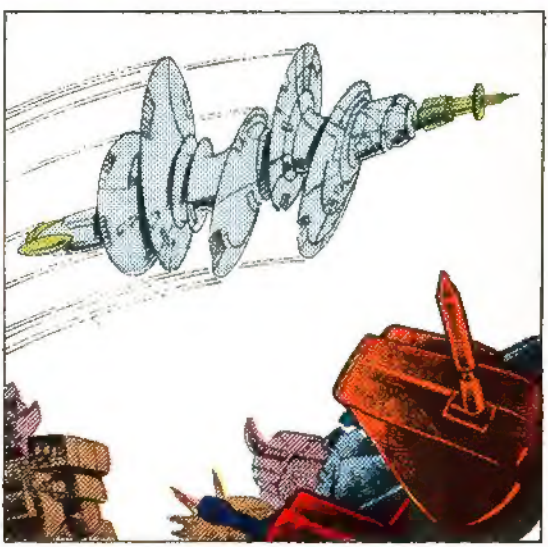
AHH. JUST WHAT I'D HOPED WOULD FALL INTO MY HANDS.

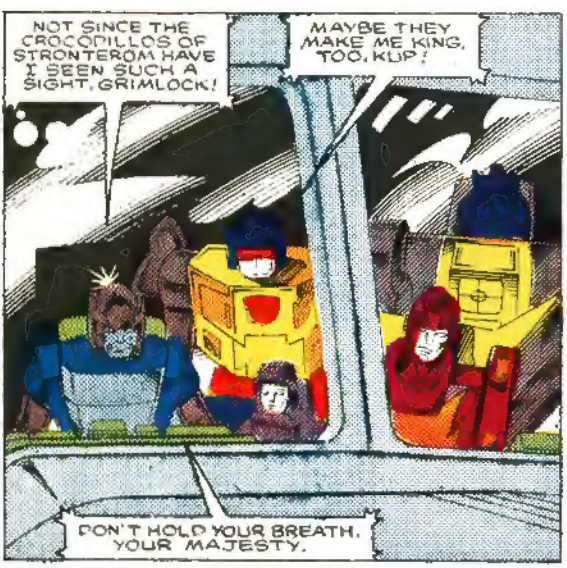
THE LEADERSHIP MATRIX OF THE AUTOBOTS. ITS POWER -- INCALCULABLE.
UNICRON, MY "MASTER" -- WITH THIS I SHALL MAKE YOU MY SLAVE!


WHAT A FITTING FINAL RESTING PLACE FOR THE FOOLISH ULTRA MAGNUS...HERE, ON THE PLANET OF JUNK.
AND NOW, CYCLONUS--IT'S OFF TO OUR CONFRONTATION WITH UNICRON! FAREWELL JUNKION--AND ULTRA MAGNUS! HAAAHHH!


LOOK, BLUR--ULTRA MAGNUS!
AND GALVATRON TOOK THE MATRIX WITH HIM! WITHOUT IT, THERE IS NO HOPE. NO HOPE AT ALL.

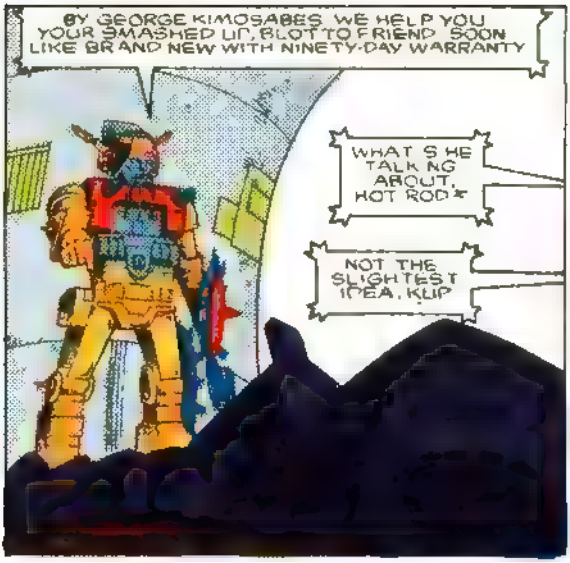
DON'T LOOK BEHIND DOOR NUMBER TWO, MONTY! IT'S TIME TO PLAY END-OF-THE LINE - MY VALENTINE!

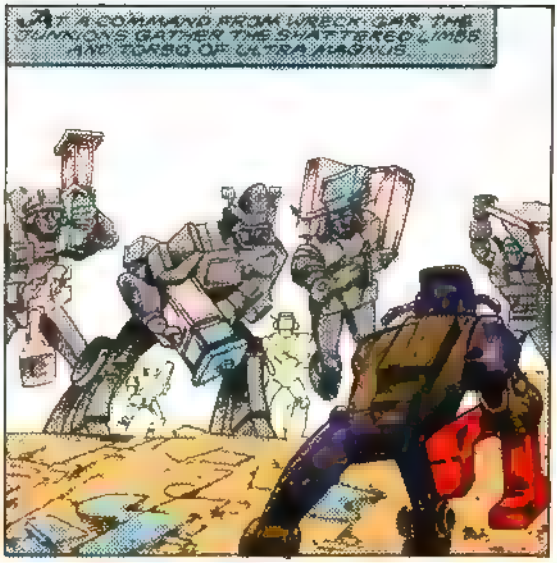



NOT SINCE THE CROCODILLOS OF STRONTEROM HAVE I SEEN SUCH A SIGHT, GRIMLOCK!
MAYBE THEY MAKE ME KING, TOO, KUP!
DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH, YOUR MAJESTY.

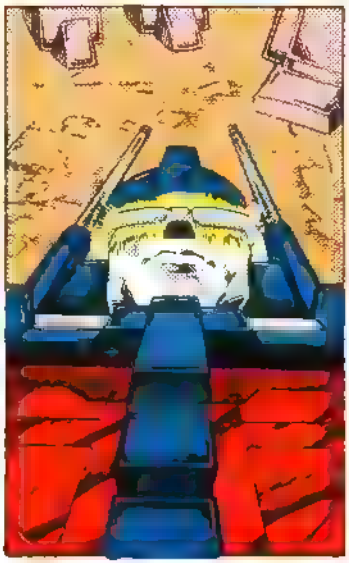
STEADY AS SHE GOES, MOB! SNOOPY VISITORS GET MUD IN THE EYE AND BYE BYE, AND FILM AT ELEVEN!

LOOKS LIKE WE CALCULATED ULTRA MAGNUS' SHIP'S TRAJECTORY CORRECTLY KUP I SEE THEM JUST OVER THERE
WHEN WE GOT SEPARATED FROM THEIR VESSEL DURING THE DECEPTICON ATTACK IN SPACE, I NEVER BELIEVED WE'D SEE THEM AGAIN NOT ROD*
*SEE ISSUE #12 FOR DETAILS -- BOB.
THESE GUYS DON'T LOOK FRIENDLY -- AND WE'RE OUTNUMBERED MAYBE IF WE SMILE AND GIVE THEM SOME OF THESE TASTY ENERGON CUBES WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE IN ONE PIECE.
NOW IF I CAN ONLY REMEMBER THE UNIVERSAL GREETING. HMMMMMM.
BAH WEEP GRAAAAGNAH WHEEP NI NI BONG
BAH WEEP GRAAAAGNAH WHEEP NI NI BONG?
BAH WEEP GRAAAAAGNAH WHEEP NI NI BONG?
BAH WEEP GRAAAAGNAH WHEEP NI NI BONG!
WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO TALK LIKE THAT?
ME SHOW YOU FRIEND WITH TASTY STICKS.
T V WE TALK T V YOU TALK SOME T V ?
I TALK SOME T V AND NOW THE NEWS DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL
VOID WHERE PROHIBITED.


BY GEORGE KIMOSABBES, WE HELP YOU YOUR SMASHED UP, BLOTTO FRIEND SOON LIKE BRAND NEW WITH NINETY-DAY WARRANTY
WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT, HOT ROD?
NOT THE SLIGHTEST IDEA, KUP



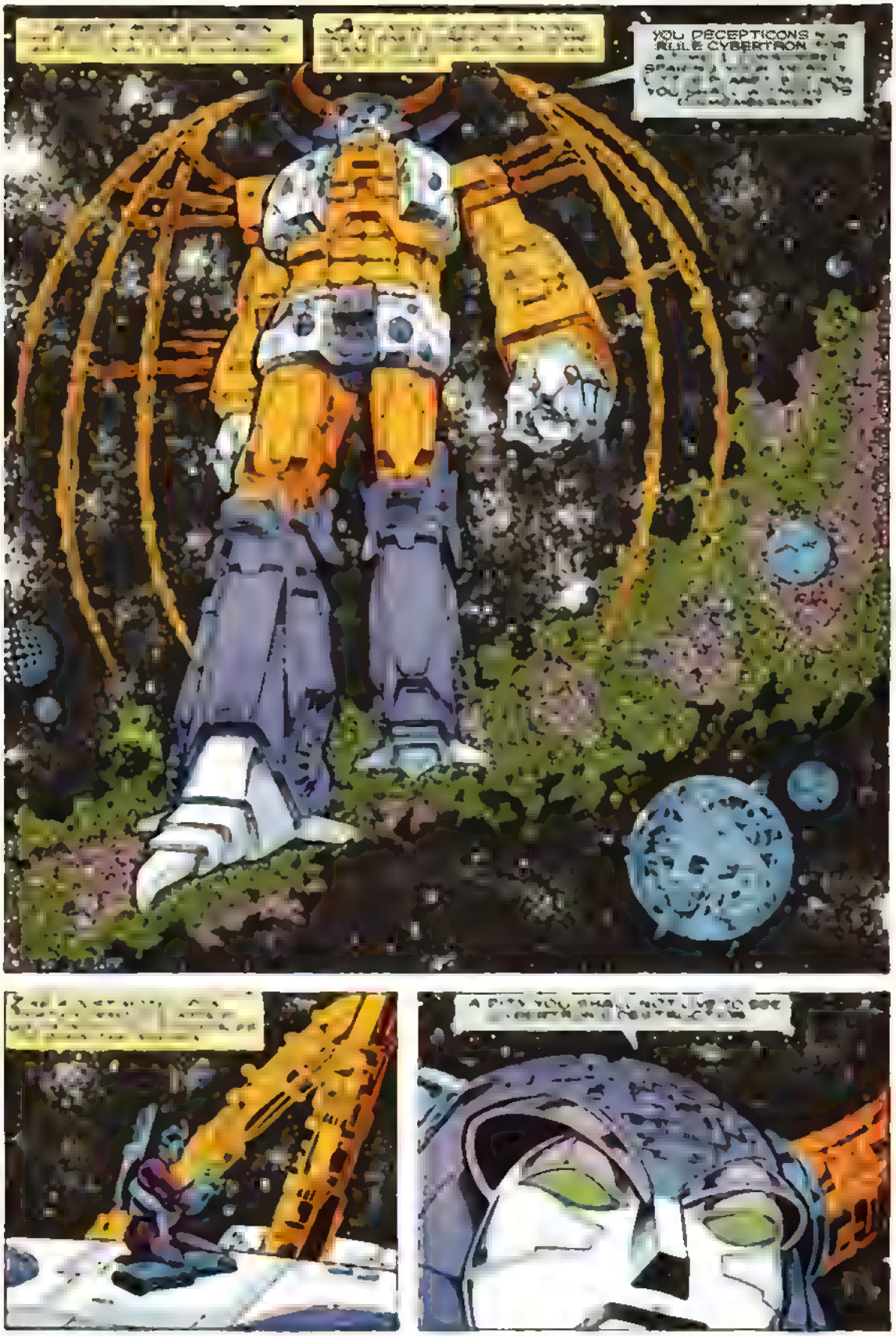
EXPERTLY JUNKION HANDS RE-ATTACH THE VIOLENTLY SNAPPED PARTS OF ULTRA MAGNUS WHILE THE AUTOBOTS LOOK ON IN DISBELIEF



YOU'RE ALIVE! HOW THANKFUL I AM WHAT HAPPENED?
AS YOU KNOW, OUR SHIP WAS SEPARATED FROM YOURS WHEN THE DECEPTICONS ATTACKED. WE CRASH-LANDED ON THE PLANET QUINTESSON AND HAD A BIZARRE ADVENTURE THERE BEFORE LEAVING.
THEN WE USED OUR SENSORS TO TRACK YOUR SHIP'S EXHAUST AND COMBINED THAT WITH OUR DATA ABOUT YOUR PROBABLE COURSE HEADING
IN SHORT--WE TRACKED YOU HERE TO JUNKION. LUCKILY WE WERE ABLE TO KEEP WRECK GAR AND HIS BOYS HAPPY WITH ENERGON CUBES AND THEY DECIDED TO RECONSTRUCT YOU.
THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP, WRECK-GAR.
THANK YOU--FOR THE MEMORIES
NOW IF ONLY WE KNEW WHERE GALVATRON WENT.
AND THE ANSWER IS UNICRON! ME OVERHEARD HIM SCREAM IT BEFORE HIM LEFT.
THEN WE'VE GOT TO TRUST IN OURSELVES, AND NO MATTER WHAT THE ODDS, DESTROY UNICRON.
YEAH! DESTROY UNICRON .. KILL THE GRAND POOBAH... ELIMINATE EVEN THE TOUGHEST STAINS!
DESTROY UNICRON .. KILL THE GRAND POOBAH.. ELIMINATE EVEN THE TOUGHEST STAINS!
LISTEN, I DON'T WANT TO RAIN ON ANYBODY'S PARADE BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO MOVE THE ARMY TO UNICRON? WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH ROOM ON THAT SHIP
NO FUSS, NO MUSS HURRY, HURRY! SALE MUST END! NEW IMPROVED JUNKION PLANET IS SLEEK SEXY IMPORT WITH TURBO HANDLING!
WHAT'S HE TALKIN' ABOUT?
AS THE STRANGE CREATURE CALLED WRECK GAR FINISHES HIS WORDS, ANOTHER PART OF JUNKION SEEMS TO EXPLODE.
BUH-ROOMM!

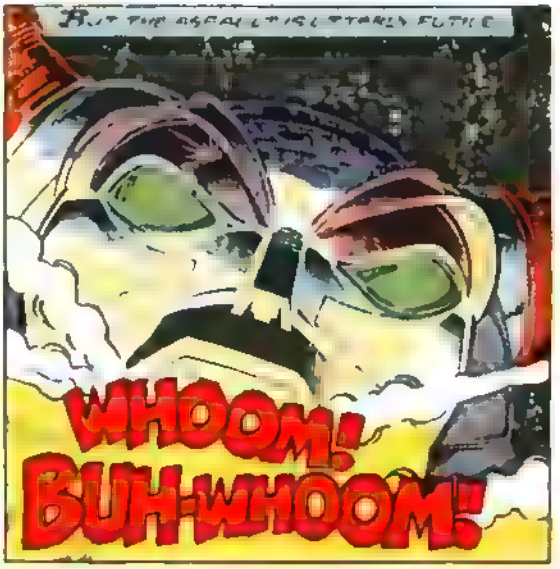
A METALLIC SOMETHING BURSTS THROUGH THE CRUST.
SPROOM!!!!!!!!!!
IT LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF ENGINES COMING OUT!
PRECISELY AND WHAT SORT ROCKET BOOSTERS!
THEN THIS PLANET OF JUNK MAY ACTUALLY BE A ROCKET SHIP THAT RESPONDS TO WRECK-GAR'S COMMAND
QUITE
WELL WE'VE SEEN CRAZIER THINGS IN THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS SO WHY NOT A JUNK-WORLD ROCKET SHIP?
THE HUGE WORLD BLASTS FROM ORBIT HEADING DIRECTLY FOR THE PLANET-KILLER... UNICRON...
AT THAT MOMENT GALVATRON, THE DECEPTICON COMMANDER, LANDS ON THE AWESOME BATTLESHIP KNOWN AS UNICRON.
UNICRON SEE THIS--THE MATRIX! I NOW POSSESS THAT WHICH YOU MOST FEAR! YOU WILL DO MY BIDDING OR--
YOU UNDERESTIMATE ME GALVATRON! THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO HARM ME!
HA HA HA!
IT WON'T OPEN! IT WON'T OPEN! I'M HAVING NO MORE SUCCESS WITH THE MATRIX THAN ULTRA MAGNUS!
WHA- THAT LIGHT SOMETHING IS HAPPENING!

IN FRONT OF THE AWESTRUCK GALVATRON, THE SURFACE OF UNICRON OPENS
THE MOST HIDEOUS TRANSFORMATION OF ALL BEGINS.
AS THE PLANET KILLER'S VAST MECHANICAL BULK SHIFTS AND ALTERS
GEARS, LEVERS AND PULLEYS OF A SCALE UNIMAGINABLE EVEN TO THE DECEPTICONS ARE PUT INTO INEXORABLE MOTION.
WHAT UNICRON WAS IS AS NOTHING TO WHAT HE NOW BECOMES.


YOU DECEPTICONS RULE CYBERTRON

BWA/AAMM!
I GET A SMALL APPETIZER BEFORE THE MAIN MEAL!

ON THE SURFACE OF CYBERTRON, THE DECEPTICONS HAVE BEEN PREPARING TO LAUNCH AN ATTACK AGAINST THE MAMMOTH UNICRON. AND IN THE ARSENAL OF CYBERTRON, SHOCKWAVE LEADS THE DECEPTICONS TO BATTLE.

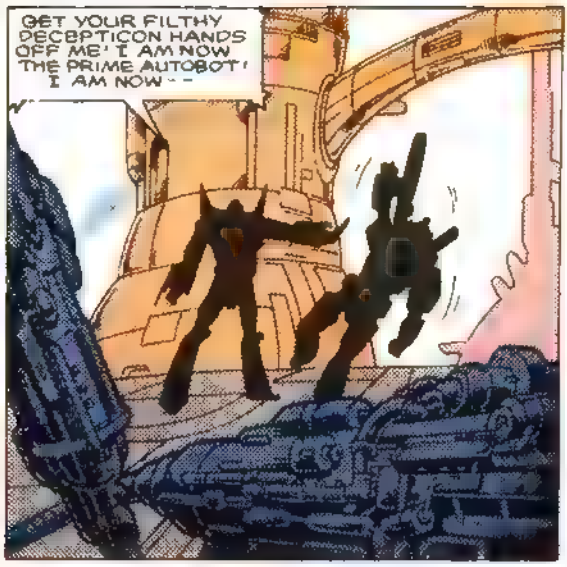


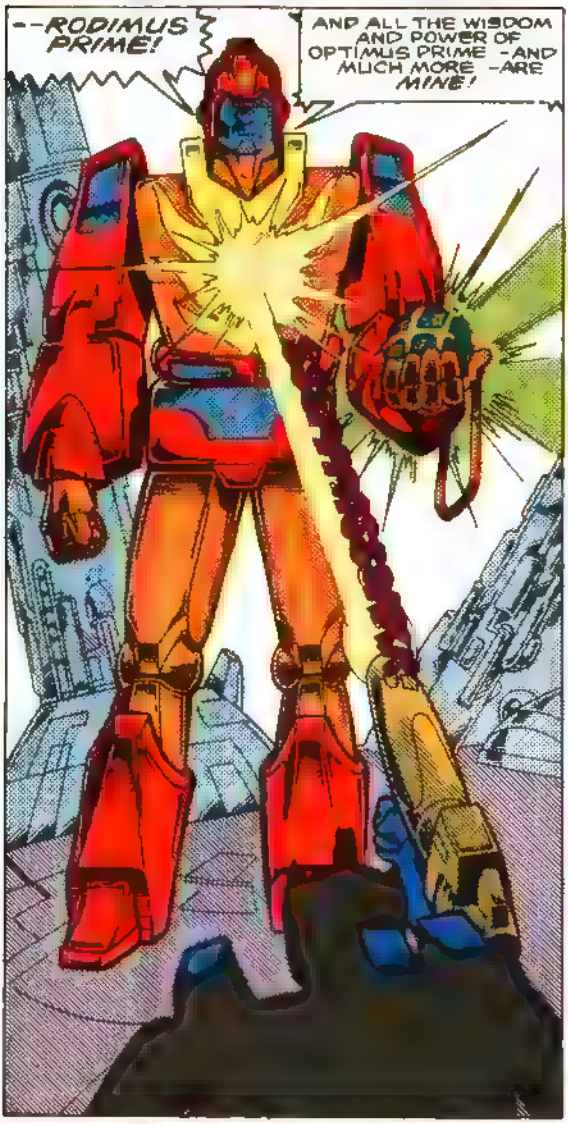
Nearing the scene of carnage are the Autobots aboard both the massive Junkion ship and the Quintesson Cruiser
DOESN'T THIS REMIND YOU OF SOMETHING KUP?
NOPE, NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE
I KNEW THERE HAD TO BE A FIRST TIME OKAY--BATTLE STATIONS
BOTHERSOME FLEAS' NOTHING CAN SAVE CYBERTRON--LEAST OF ALL YOU!
Without warning, a ray from Unicron's eye strikes the Quintesson ship, cutting it in two.
SHRAAKKKT!
The beam deflects the cruiser's course, heading the ship directly toward Unicron's eye
SKRAAASSHH!
RRAAAGGHHH!

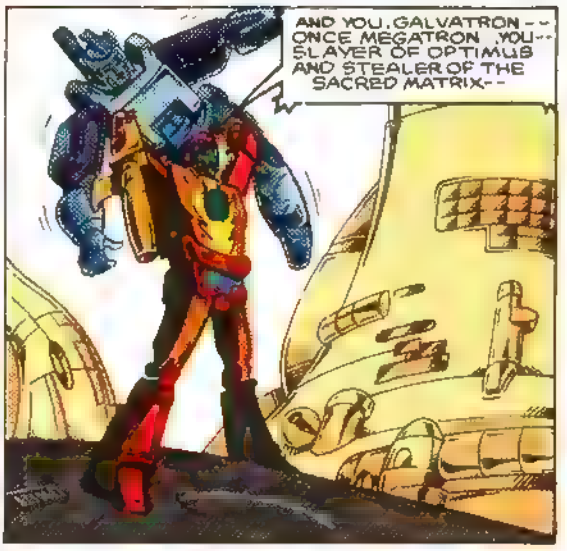
THE SHIP'S BREAKING APART! ALL OF YOU--DO WHAT YOU CAN TO GRAB ONTO SOMETHING!
WHOA!
I HOPE THE OTHERS ARE ALL RIGHT! I HAVE TO MAKE IT THERE BEFORE THEY FALL TOO FAR IF NOT--
WH--WHAT'S THAT?
INCREDIBLE!
DON'T LOOK SURPRISED I, TOO, WAS SWALLOWED BY UNICRON, AND I, TOO, SURVIVED THE FALL.
THEN MY OLD ENEMY SURVIVED MY ATTACK
AAAAAAHHHHHH

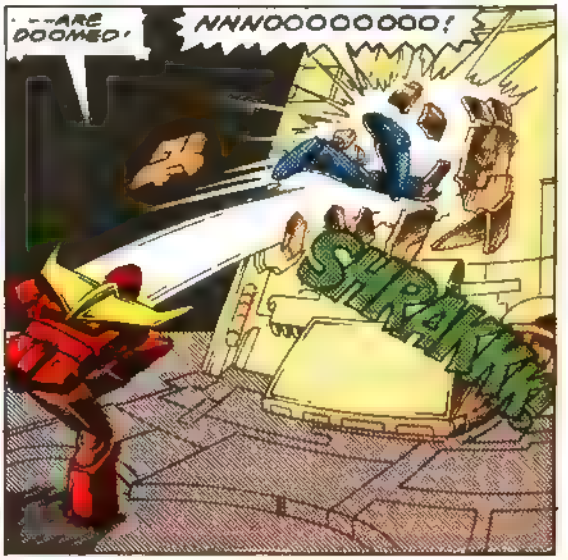
IF IT'S A FIGHT YOU WANT, DECEPTICON SCUM--YOU'VE FOUND THE RIGHT AUTOBOT! COME ON!
YOU'VE SIGNED YOUR OWN DEATH WARRANT, FOOL!
NO TRANSFORMATIONS--NO OTHER WEAPONS! I WILL CRUSH YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS.
UULLGHH!
FIRST PRIME, THEN ULTRA MAGNUS AND NOW YOU! IT IS A PITY AUTOBOTS DIE SO EASILY OR I MIGHT HAVE A SENSE OF SATISFACTION.
RRRRGGHHH!
ALMOST INSTINCTIVELY, THE BARELY CONSCIOUS HOT ROD REACHES FOR THE THROBBING MATRIX.. AS IF HE WERE MEANT TO SEIZE THE POWERFUL OBJECT--AS IF DESTINY HAS FOUND HIM WORTHY.
AAARRRGGGGHHH!

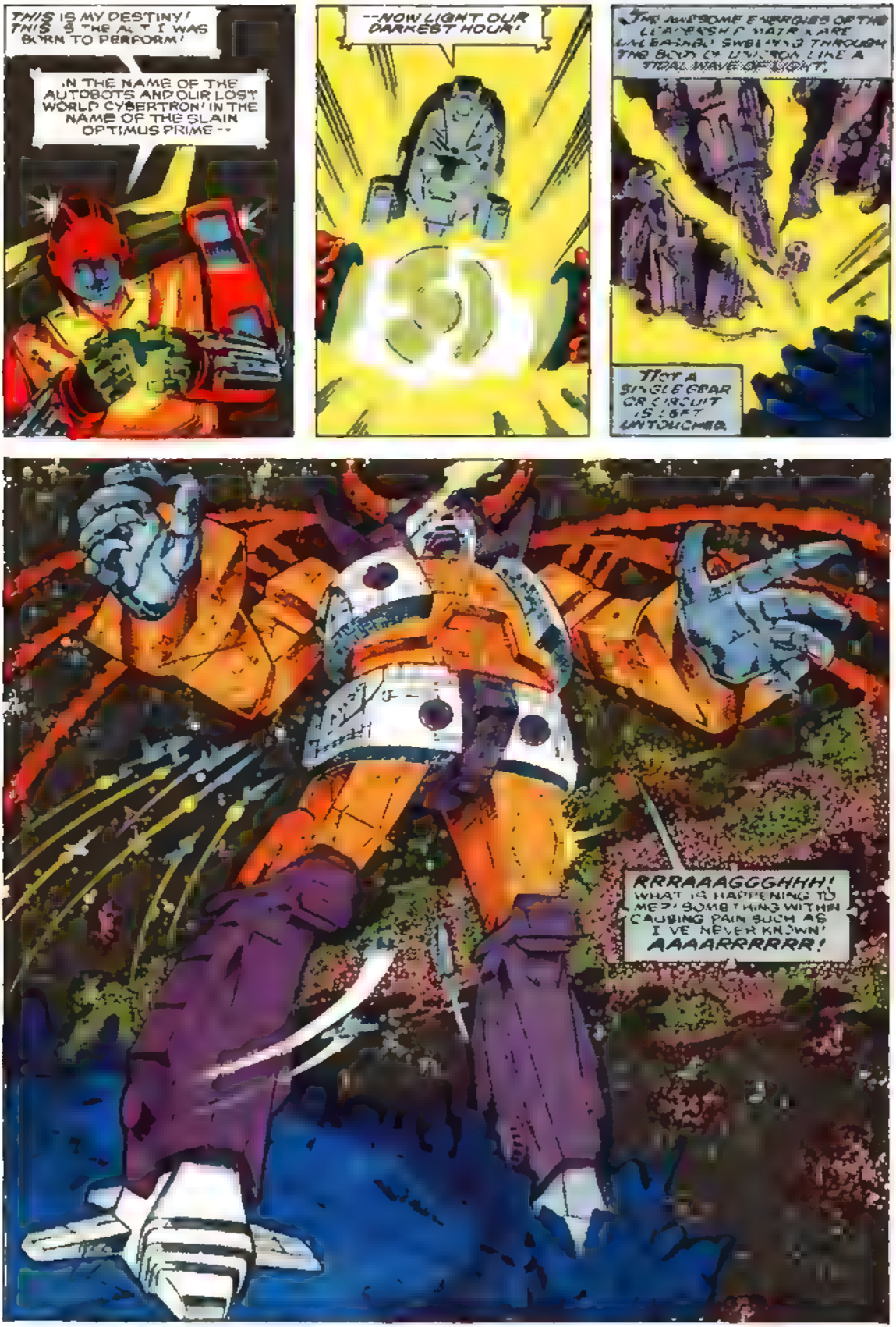
YOU CAN'T HARM ME NOW. I'M THE ONE WHO WAS TRULY CHOSEN. I'M THE ONE THE MATRIX HAS WAITED FOR.


GET YOUR FILTHY DECEPTICON HANDS OFF ME! I AM NOW THE PRIME AUTOBOT! I AM NOW--

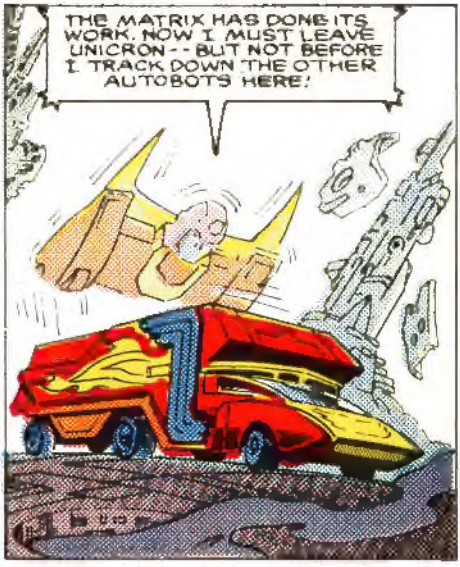

--RODIMUS PRIME!
AND ALL THE WISDOM AND POWER OF OPTIMUS PRIME -AND MUCH MORE -ARE MINE!

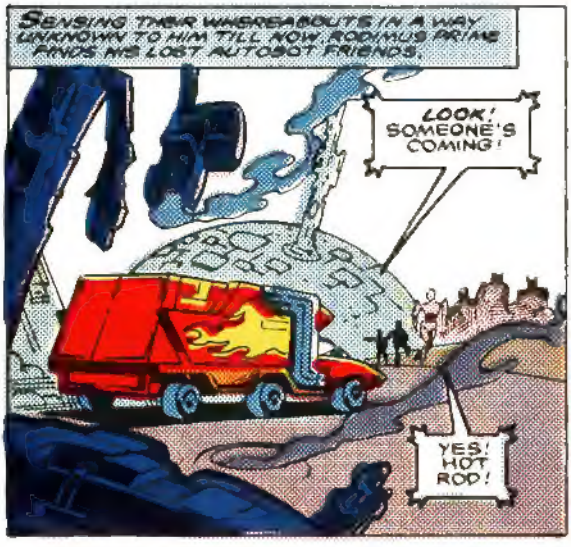

AND YOU, GALVATRON-- ONCE MEGATRON, YOU-- SLAYER OF OPTIMUS AND STEALER OF THE SACRED MATRIX--

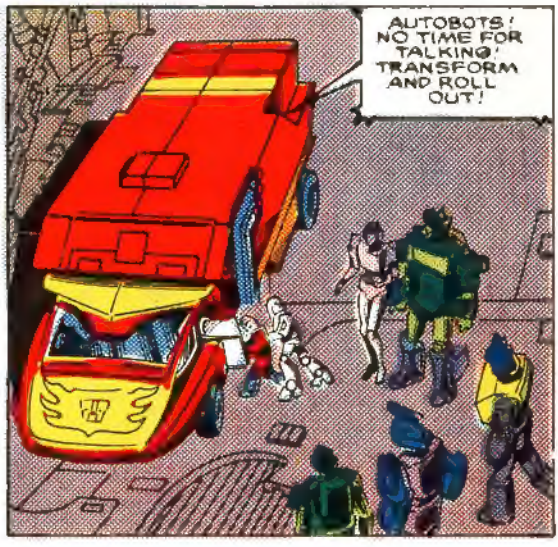

--ARE DOOMED!
NNNOOOOOOOO!
SHRAPK

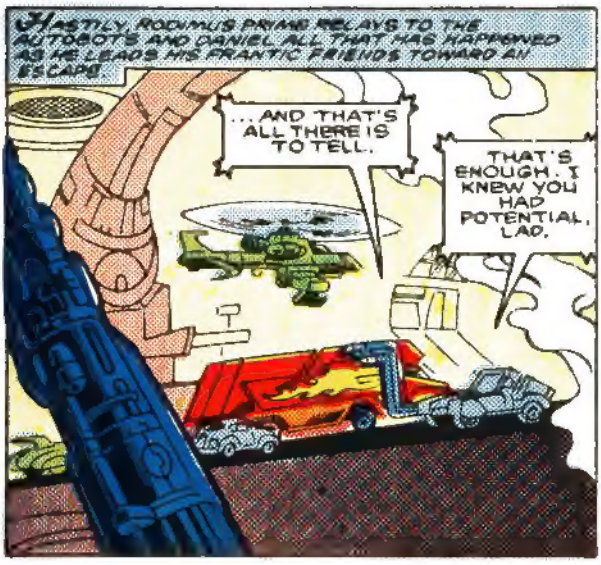

THIS IS MY DESTINY! THIS IS THE ALT I WAS BORN TO PERFORM!
--IN THE NAME OF THE AUTOBOTS AND OUR LOST WORLD CYBERTRON! IN THE NAME OF THE SLAIN OPTIMUS PRIME--
--NOW LIGHT OUR DARKEST HOUR!
THE AWESOME ENERGIES OF THE LIFEFLESH MATRIX ARE UNLEASHED! SWELLING THROUGH THE BODY OF UNICRON LIKE A TIDAL WAVE OF LIGHT!
NOT A SINGLE GEAR OR CIRCUIT IS LEFT UNTOUCHED.
RRRAAAGGGHHH! WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME?! SOMETHING WITHIN CAUSING PAIN SUCH AS I'VE NEVER KNOWN! AAAARRRRRR!

SSSKKKSTT!
THE PAIN! THE PAIN MUST CEASE! I CANNOT STAND IT ANY LONGER!


THE MATRIX HAS DONE ITS WORK. NOW I MUST LEAVE UNICRON -- BUT NOT BEFORE I TRACK DOWN THE OTHER AUTOBOTS HERE!


SENSING THEIR WHEREABOUTS IN A WAY UNKNOWN TO HIM TILL NOW, RODIMUS PRIME FINDS HIS LOST AUTOBOT FRIENDS.
LOOK! SOMEONE'S COMING!
YES! HOT ROD!

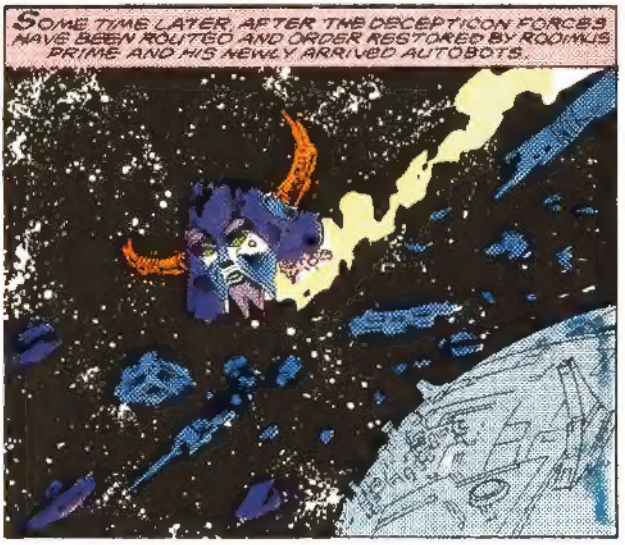

AUTOBOTS! NO TIME FOR TALKING! TRANSFORM AND ROLL OUT!

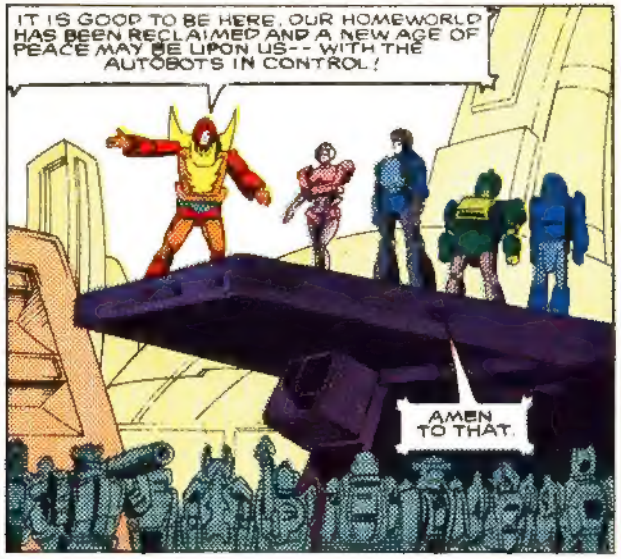

HASTILY, RODIMUS PRIME RELAYS TO THE AUTOBOTS AND DANIEL ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED AS HE LEADS HIS FRANTIC FRIENDS TOWARD AN ESCAPE.
...AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO TELL.
THAT'S ENOUGH. I KNEW YOU HAD POTENTIAL, LAD.

EXITING THROUGH UNICRON'S UNDAMAGED EYE -- UNTIL NOW -- RODIMUS PRIME BRINGS EVERYONE TO SAFETY.
SKRIINNKKK!

NOOOOO! YOU CANNOT DESTROY MY DESTINY!
SKRRSSKKK!
I WAS SO CLOSE! SO CLOSE! SO--
SKRRSSKKK!

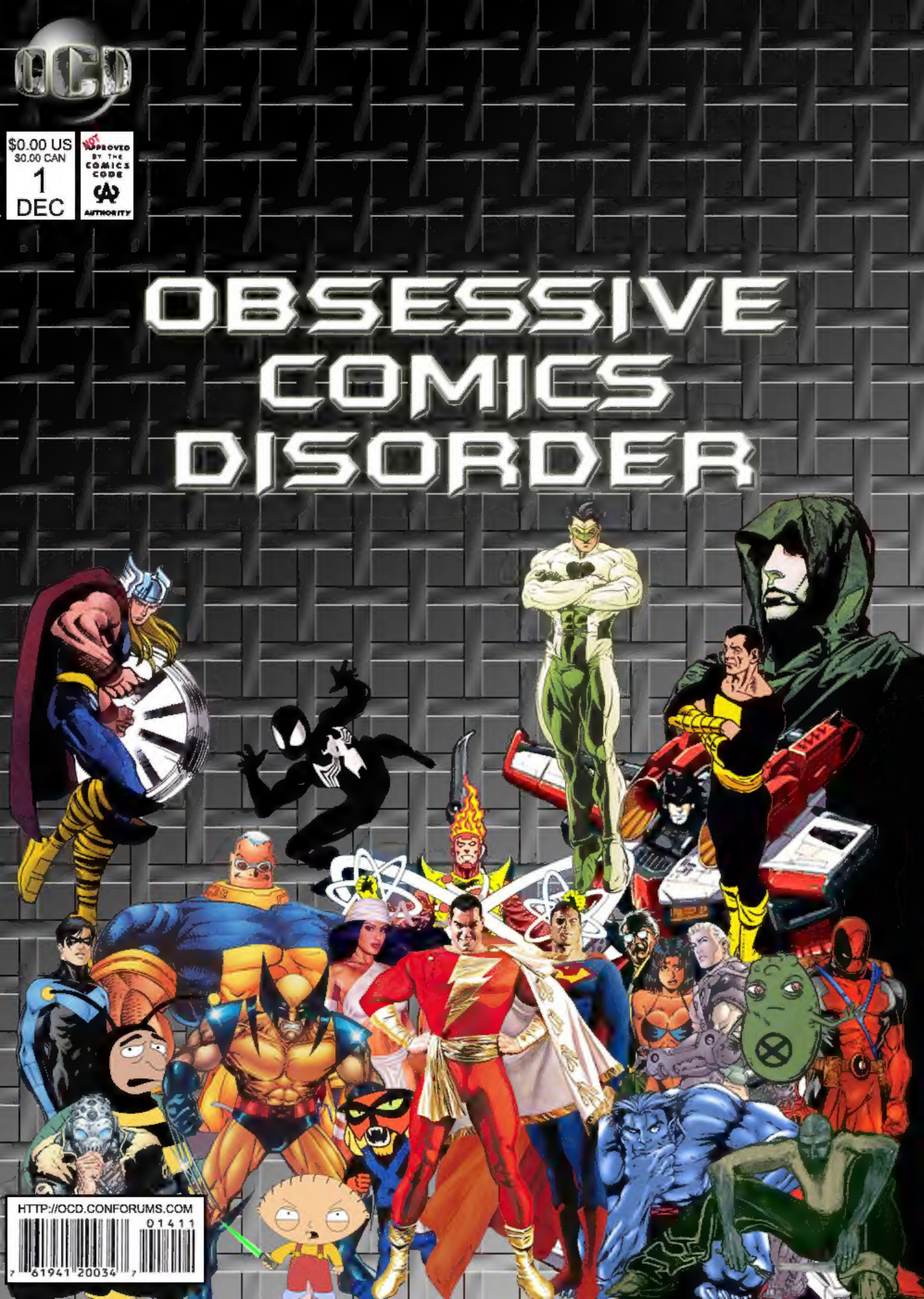
BUK-WHOOM!


SOME TIME LATER, AFTER THE DECEPTICON FORCES HAVE BEEN ROUTED AND ORDER RESTORED BY RODIMUS PRIME AND HIS NEWLY ARRIVED AUTOBOTS.


IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE. OUR HOMEWORLD HAS BEEN RECLAIMED AND A NEW AGE OF PEACE MAY BE UPON US-- WITH THE AUTOBOTS IN CONTROL!
AMEN TO THAT.

LET THIS MARK THE END OF CYBERTRONIAN WARS AS WE MARCH FORWARD TO A NEW AGE OF PEACE AND HAPPINESS... 'TIL ALL ARE ONE!
'TIL ALL ARE ONE.
THE END.

Abraxis Beanz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